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BLANCHE W. PANCOAST

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LOOK AWAY TO JESUS

BY

BLANCHE WINIFRED PANCOAST.

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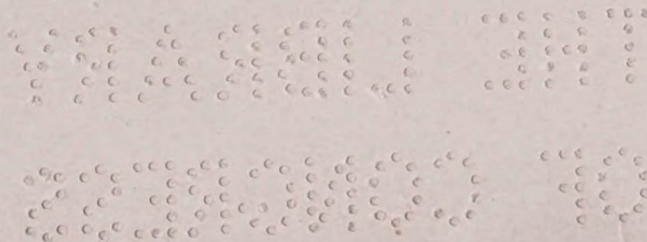
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BLANCHE W. PANCOAST.



THESE LINES
ARE TENDERLY DEDICATED
TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE AT LARGE
WHO KNOW NOT
CHRIST.

B. W. P.

PREFACE.

This little book is sent forth with the great desire that it may be for His glory.

Believers are not exempt from affliction, but we should take encouragement from former mercies and trust in the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father, and find *comfort* therein.

“No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.” It comes to me like an inspiration that one day I shall enter that beautiful city, where there is no pain. Can you join with me in saying it? Dear readers, He says, “The Spirit and the Bride say, *Come*; let him that heareth say, *Come*; let him that is athirst *Come!*” and I say: “Won’t *you come?*” “Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and *ye shall find rest* unto your souls.” Jesus Christ is “the same yesterday, to-day and forever”—not a far-away Jesus in some remote and inaccessible glory, but a Jesus ever present, ever loving, who would do for each one of us what He did for His disciples in those days of yore.

Can we say with Paul, “I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content”?

Only this I know, I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs, my fears;
Oh! how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul He cheers.

My object in this publication is not only for it to be read, but to inculcate in the mind principles of morality. God grant that every one of us shall be numbered with that great multitude who shall stand before the throne, and before the Lamb, crying, “Worthy is the lamb that was slain.”

Hoping for Divine blessing to accompany its circulation, that it may be instrumental in accomplishing some good, and that my feeble effort will meet with approval of my friends and be crowned with success.

THE AUTHOR.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

*“Look away to Jesus,
Soul by woe oppressed;
'Twas for thee He suffered,
Come to Him and rest;
All thy griefs He carried,
All thy sins He bore;
Look away to Jesus,
Trust Him evermore.*

*“Look away to Jesus,
When the skies are fair;
Calm seas have their dangers,
Mariner, beware!
Earthly joys are fleeting,
Going as they came;
Look away to Jesus,
Evermore the same.*

*“When, amid the music
Of the endless feast,
Saints will sing His praises,
Thine shall not be least;
Then, amid the glories
Of the crystal sea,
Look away to Jesus,
Through eternity.”*

LOOK AWAY TO JESUS.

Many years ago there was an old-fashioned house of brick, with a broad piazza jutting out over the front part of the house; around the massive pillars were twined honeysuckle and clematis tendrils purple with clustering bloom, while the brick walls were draped with luxuriant ivy that hung in festoons from the eaves and clambered up the chimneys, and in at the windows.

The clean drives and walks were bordered with cassina hedges. There were beautiful beds of scarlet geraniums, many shades of verbenas and nasturtions, endless varieties of innocent pansies, here and there different roses; then again the sweet spicy carnation, and in many shady nooks beautiful ferns.

To the left, under the spreading branches of a sturdy oak, was the well, and on the same side was a summer house entirely of wild vines, among them the fragrant wild rose. Around the other sides of this house were many trees, such as the poplar, elm, lime and ash. Altogether, this house and its surroundings were beautiful.

Mrs. Whithrow and her two children were the inhabitants of the old fashioned house. Mr. Whithrow had recently died and left his widow well provided for.

Mrs. Whithrow was very proud of her children. Albert being about twenty years of age, was a great

comfort to her, and Ruth, perhaps twelve or thirteen, was a pet of both mother and brother.

Not a great distance from the old-fashioned brick house was a brown, gable-roofed building, containing wide fireplaces and large Gothic windows. Reaching out over the sitting-room door was a wooden portico. A small but very neat and attractive lawn surrounded the home of Charles Brown, his good wife Mary and their adopted son Harry.

Ruth Whithrow and Harry Brown had played together all their lives and to one another seemed like brother and sister. The mothers of both children had taught them from the nursery the prayer that is taught us all, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." Both promised to prove a blessing to their race and an ornament to Christianity.

Ruth loved trees and flowers, stars and clouds, with as warm, clinging affection as she loved those of her own race; and that solace and amusement which most girls find in society of girls, with the sports of girlhood, Ruth, with Harry, derived from the solitude and serenity of nature. To her the woods and fields were musical—every flitting bird and gurgling brook, every cloud and whispering breeze brought a message of God's love and wisdom, and drew her yearning heart more closely to the Omnipotent Savior.

Down a little hill to the right of Harry's home was a prancing stream of water, where once upon a time a mill had been in running order, but now had gradually gone to decay; the spluttering wheel turned no

more, the water of the brook relieved from the necessity of turning the wheel now went dancing on. Rosa Bonheur would no doubt have thought it a beautiful place—overhung with alders and willows, under whose tremulous shadows rested the contented cattle, some knee-deep in the water, some browsing leisurely on the purple-tufted clover.

* * * * * * *

Harry was with Ruth at the stream now, the last time, for how long? Perhaps a short time, perhaps years, and perhaps forever. Ruth the following morning expected to go away to attend school in Monroe, and was at the stream with her playmate to bid him farewell.

Harry said aloud after Ruth left him:

“The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear,
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

“For, more to me than birds and flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.”

Ruth was now tall and slender; very fair, with an abundance of light wavy hair, which she wore combed straight back in a neat coil at the back of the head; she had a smooth forehead, little mouth and beautiful hands. At a glance you could not call her pretty, but to a curious physiognomist her face was beautiful. Ruth was now eighteen years of age.

She entered school at Monroe, and boarded with a widow named Clotide Thornton. In the course of a few days she began to feel very lonesome, but nestled serenely under the Almighty wing. The all-seeing, all-directing eye was likewise upon the lonely young girl who sank to rest with 'Our Father who art in heaven' upon her trembling lips.

In a few days another young lady entered school, and also boarded with Mrs. Thornton. Ruth and this young lady became friends in a very short time.

"God raised up friends among strangers, and showed me that I was not forsaken even if desolate. I began to think He took everybody away from me that I might see that he could take care of me without them. I knew 'He doeth all things well,' but feel it now."

Adris Gladstone was a high-spirited, intelligent girl, about nineteen years of age; rather beneath the medium height, and in her whole bearing had a quiet dignity, which many mistook for hauteur. She was perhaps a little too strong in her prejudices, which, when once formed, could not be easily shaken.

Nevertheless, Ruth and Adris were friends, but in many things disagreed.

One Sabbath morning Ruth sat beside the east window of her pretty room, with her folded hands resting on her lap. The day was cloudless and serene—nature had put on her best attire, and decked herself as in evening dress; the sky formed a background of superb loveliness; there it was, silent, solitary, awe-

inspiring, mysterious—yes, grand. From every quarter of Monroe the church bells called worshipers to the house of God, and bands of neatly-clad children here and there to Sabbath-school. Save for the patter of their little feet and the chiming bells, all was quiet. Blessed be the chiming bells, which at least once a week call some erring one back to his Infinite Father.

As Ruth sat by her window, gazing on the beautiful sky, she thought she heard singing—hymns that reminded her of the last time she was in church.

The gilded spires pointed to the bended heavens, and to her they seemed to say:

“It burns on forever, brighter and brighter, unto the perfect day.”

“What if I do not know the people at church? I will go, and I am sure I will enjoy this beautiful day much better than sitting by this window wishing I knew some one to go with.”

As she was ushered to a pew the organ pealed out the voluntary, which swelled through the aisles; the choir chanted the beautiful psalm, “God be merciful unto us and bless us, and show us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us: That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God; yea, let all the people praise Thee.”

It thrilled every one within hearing.

The minister read the first chapter of St. John, and

selected for his text the fourth verse, "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men."

He said, "When Christ was upon earth He illumined with His love every darkened place to which He came; and His disciples likewise who shared His life were gifted with the power to shed light around them wherever they went. They became children of light, not only within their own souls, but made the path which they trod bright with light.

"The light of the world is He of whom it is written, 'He is the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world' (John i. 9); He who said, 'I am the light of the world' (John viii. 12).

"The living Christ is a present friend, a mighty helper. He ought to be an inmate of every home, a comforter of all who sorrow, a helper of every one in need. Our world needs such a Savior, not merely to bear trembling souls across the stream of death, but to guide, strengthen and help them amid the storms and trials of life. In Proverbs, eighth chapter, thirty-fifth verse, you find these words, 'For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord.' John, third chapter, thirty-sixth verse, 'He that believeth not on the Son of God shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.' And again He says, 'I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me' (John xiv. 6). 'I am the bread of life' (John vi. 48). Second Timothy, third chapter, twelfth verse, we find these words, 'Yea, and

all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.' In Acts, fifth chapter and twentieth verse, we have this command, 'Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life.'

" 'For with Thee is the fountain of life: in Thy light shall we see light' (Psa xxxvi. 9). 'For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light' (Eph. v. 8).

"The Lord not only gave his disciples light, but gave them power to heal the sick, cure the blind, to cause the lame to walk, and to raise the dead to life.

"Can you not love such a Savior?

"Just think how he raised Lazarus to life, after having been buried four days. Peter, through the power of Jesus Christ, healed a man lame from birth, and a certain man named Eneas that had been kept in his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy; and he also raised Tabitha to life. Note again how Paul received power to heal a man, at Lystra, who was born a cripple, and had never walked.

"When Paul saw, in a vision, the man of Macedonia saying, 'Come over and help us,' he immediately went and preached the Gospel near the bank of the Gangites River. A certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple of the city of Thyatira, heard Paul; she and her household were baptized, and she proved faithful. There, also, was a damsel possessed with a spirit. Paul, through Christ, commanded the spirit to come out of her. Her masters were displeased; beat Paul and Silas (who was with him), and then cast them into

prison, telling the jailer to watch them closely. There was a great earthquake, so great that the walls were shaken and the doors opened, and the prisoners were able to flee. When the jailer saw they had not fled he came to them. and brought them out, saying, 'What must I do to be saved?' and they said, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.' The jailer and all his were baptized and rejoiced, believing in God, and he said unto Paul, 'The magistrates have sent to let you go; therefore go in peace.' Paul was somewhat contrary, and said, 'Nay, they put us in prison and beat us uncondemned; let them now come themselves and fetch us out.' This they did, and desired them to depart out of the city.

"Paul and Silas went from the prison to the house of Lydia, thence to Thessalonica, passing through Amphipolis and Apollonia.

"If you can not understand this, try to understand Him, listen and watch for Him. A crown of righteousness is laid up for every one that loveth His appearing—that is, for all who long for His appearing and will welcome Him when He comes."

After a short but earnest prayer the congregation joined in singing the beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland."

Ruth came home happy and blest, felt she had the hand of God upon her, and had made up her mind that she would never stay home again for not knowing people. She was now ready to do whatever her Lord and Master wished her to do.

She dropped on her knees and asked God to read her heart, guide her in the paths that were light; look down on her in tender mercy, help her to fix her thoughts on heaven and Christ, help her to be a light that she might be able to show some one the path that shines more and more unto the perfect day, bless her and comfort her, and at last, when death comes, take her to that beautiful home above.

She rose, and felt that her prayer would be answered.

"My life was not given me for a mere holiday, so if I but do my duty faithfully all will be well. How I wish Adris had as much love for her heavenly Father as she has for worldly pleasures. I truly believe she would be much happier. I will try to lead her to the Savior. If I don't succeed at first, it will be my duty to try again. I will sing, and she may hear me, and then listen to hear what it is.

"Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die
When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the spirit says Come!
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

"The contrite in heart He will freely forgive,
Oh, why will you not the glad message believe?

If sin be **your** burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He makes welcome, He bids you come
home."

Adris was always trying to make Ruth out in the wrong, especially on religious topics.

"Ruth, what was that you were just singing?"

"Didn't you hear it?"

"Yes, but what made you sing it? Why didn't you sing something that had life in it?"

"The only reason was that I wished you to hear it, and hoped you would listen to it, and, above all, to think what it meant. Oh, Adris, if you were only a Christian! I would not give my faith for all your learning in philosophy. Dear Adris, I want to talk a little while with you. I want to ask you: Do you ever pray? If so, to whom do you pray?"

"'And in that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full' (John xvi. 23, 24).

"Paul is no mediator; he is an ambassador for Christ; neither is Peter nor John. The Son of the Almighty God redeemed us with the price of His blood—is justly the true Redeemer. Let us seek and worship Him, that He may see us. 'Fear not, I am the remission of sin. I am the light and I am the life. He that cometh to God by me shall not see death.'

Adris, let us follow Christ, hand in hand; let us be baptized in His name. He leads to the heavenly kingdom.

“What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

“View the Christian peacefully descending the hill of life—fearlessly crossing the valley of the shadow of death and resting at last on that blessed shore, where night and darkness, pain, sickness and sorrow are unknown.

“Need I implore you in future to look to Christ alone as the author of your salvation?

“There is only one book that can be our support in that awful hour when we enter the world alone. The only book to be clasped to our hearts is the Bible, the greatest book of the world. Read it and study it well. A sure promise is ‘The Word of the Lord endureth forever.’

“ ’Tis one thing, friend, to read the Bible through,
Another thing to read, to learn and do;
’Tis one thing, too, to read it with delight,
And quite another to read it aright.

“Some read it with design to learn to read,
But to the subject pay but little heed;
Some read it as their duty once a week,
But no instruction from the Bible seek.

“Some read to prove a pre-adopted creed,
Thus understand but little what they read,
And every passage of the book they bend
To make it suit that all-important end.
Some people read, as I have often thought,
To teach the Book instead of being taught.

“Adris, who wrote these truthful lines I am unable to say, but every line I am sure is true. I felt that Christ Jesus had lead me to have this quiet talk with you. Now my prayer for you is, that you will give your whole soul to our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, and that you will be a bright and shining light for all who gather around you.”

“I have listened quietly all through your sermon, now allow me to ask, What is a Christian?”

“‘Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God’ (1 John v. 1). Bishop Thoburn says, ‘A true Christian is a person who has been made alive from a state of spiritual death, and has been brought forth into a new world of life and light.’ Ian Mac-laren says this : ‘A thorough-going Christian is a man (it means women also) with a stronger reason, a kinder heart, firmer will and a richer imagination than his fellows—one who has attained his height in Christ. A bigot or a prig or a weakling is a half-developed

Christian—one not yet arrived at full age. Christianity is not a drill—it is life, full, free, radiant and rejoicing. What a young person should do is not to vex himself about the imperfections, but to fix his mind on the bright image of Perfection; not to weary his soul with rules, but to live with Christ—as one liveth with a friend.’ ”

“How does God know whether we are Christians or not; can He judge through the dark clouds?”

“Well, Adris! Of course He can. He is with us at all times, day and night. He knows our every thought and deed. Do try to trust God, and, believe me, that in every trial and affliction He will comfort and assist you.

“ ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.’ On these two commandments hang the law and the prophets. Drummond says, ‘Love has nine elements. They are patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good temper, guilelessness and sincerity.’ ‘These,’ he says, ‘make the statue of a perfect man.’

“I will now leave you, and this evening we will talk more on this subject, but my dear friend, remember God, who loves all, said, ‘Fear not thou, for I am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee. yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.’

“ ‘The Lord is thy keeper. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall preserve thy soul’; and, above all, don’t forget that ‘Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.’ ”

* * * * *

It was a beautiful June day. Ruth looked at the flowers, which were beautiful; she walked leisurely up and down the different paths, and, by force of habit, studied the passing clouds.

“How calm and holy this stillness seems. Does it not cause one to lift up their heart in gratitude to the Almighty Giver of so many blessings? These flowers alone seem to me voices from above. My heart goes out to speak after the birds, bees, trees, flowers, sun, moon, stars and the sweeping wind, and they all bring some message to me. Oh, if Adris is only thinking of her soul’s salvation. May God direct me to speak farther with her. I long for her to be in the haven of rest. I believe she will see after a time that ‘all things work together for good to them that love God.’ I will now go and continue my talk with Adris if she will listen.”

Ruth opened the door quietly. Adris seemed in earnest thought, and rather than disturb her she turned away.

“Oh, Ruth, help me! help me to see the right way! I believe I understand a little better, but really want to know more of your Blessed Savior. I am so

heavily burdened; that I exist and a beautiful universe surrounds me is about all I know. I have often heard there is rest for the earnest seeker somewhere. I will toil on and on, and hope to find it. Ruth, I have often thought that life was merely to eat, drink, sleep and dress, and, altogether, have a pleasant time; but rest, rest I never had. There is somewhere surely a land of rest. What do I believe? I know not. Which way must I turn to find the Pearl of greatest price?"

"Be true to your God, let the Bible guide you in all things, you will find comfort and peace in your heart. Remember the poem I read you, Adris. I sincerely hope you will read your Bible with faith. When you read it study it well, and I am sure you will tell me some day it was the finest book you ever read. I used to read mine, and had nearly read it through, but, to be truthful, I could not tell you from one day to the next what I had read, but how thankful, Adris, I now can tell you I find much pleasure in reading and studying this precious book."

"Why?"

"Because I wished to understand and enjoy it as much as my dear friends at home do; therefore I earnestly asked God to teach me how to find this happy life. Until you earnestly ask God to help you, I am afraid I can not help you, but will gladly tell you what I can to make you happier.

"Will you listen while I read you another poem? One of Cowper's beautiful poems?"

“God of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

“Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door,
Invites the helpless and the poor!

“Did ever mourner plead with Thee
And Thou refuse that mourner’s plea?
Does not the wind still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy name in vain?

“That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

“Fair is the lot that’s cast for me,
I have an Advocate with Thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

“Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

“Do you understand it, dear friend? Oh, can’t you see that the Lord is with everybody—the helpless, needy, rich and poor? Adris, He does not take this one, and that one, and the other one; no; He loves

us all alike; He is the friend of every one that obeys Him. 'Seek and ye shall find. Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If any man would come after Me, let him take up his cross daily and follow Me. I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you' Have you asked God to be with you in all your daily duties? Do so, and you will find a bright and happy life before you. I will remember you in all my prayers; will ask God's blessing upon you every night before I lay my head on my pillow.

"We have had a pleasant day, and as the evening is beautiful, let us go to the pond and see some of God's handiwork."

The dimpled pond caught the lengthening shadows on its surface as the sun dipped into the forest. "Adris, I love rural walks through lanes close cropped by nibbling sheep, over hills and through valleys, and, oh! how I love this pond; it reminds me so much of the favored spot at home with old playmate, Harry.

"But they come and go like shadows,
Those blessed dreams of youth.

"I not only love rural sights, but sounds. Listen, all is now quiet save the mighty wind sweeping through the forest, the silvery barcarolle of the falling water, and the sweet, sad, lonely evening hymn of the whippoorwill.

"Look around you! Who can doubt a Creator when our eyes feast on such sights? You surely can't doubt much longer, can you, Adris?"

"The dupes of pleasure, or the slaves of gain,
Where works of man are clustered close around,
And works of God are hardly to be found,
To regions where, in spite of sin and woe,
Traces of Eden are still seen below;
Where mountains, rivers, forest, field and grove
Remind us of his Maker's power and love.

"I will now leave the subject, but still, Adris, I hope, want, wish and pray that you will think on this; please don't cast it away."

"Au revoir."

* * * * *

"Glad you came in," said Ruth, "I have something I want to ask you."

"Ruth, you are always asking questions; what is it now?"

"Did you know Mrs. Thornton had a brother?"

"No, has she?"

"Well, I will commence my short story. A few days ago, when I was walking around the yard (you remember when), I was here and there, and, in fact, everywhere on the grounds which surround the house we at present call home. I was in the grove, gazing at the sky. It was of that peculiar blue we so often speak about. I turned to come for you, but found

myself face to face with a man whose features I had never looked upon. For a moment or so we eyed each other searchingly. Then the stranger raised his hat and said:

“‘Permit me to ask your name?’

“‘Ruth Whithrow, and yours, sir, is’—

“For a few seconds neither spoke; but then the man, Mr. Keimscott said, ‘How do you like living in Monroe?’ I told him I liked it quite well; better than I thought at first I should. He then said, ‘I have come home after being away nearly three years, and I am exceedingly glad to be back.’ I asked him if he boarded here. He called it home, and the only other person here is Mrs. Thornton. Of course, I supposed he did, but listen; he said, ‘I live with my sister.’ ‘I never heard Mrs. Thornton speak of you.’ (Did you, Adris?)

“‘As you have been here only a few months I suppose she thought it useless, and then I asked Clotide not to tell the young ladies about me, as I would be home in a short while.’

“‘I told him that was hardly fair. He knew we were here (and no doubt, Adris, he was watching the door), and we knew nothing whatever about him, not even that Mrs. Thornton had a brother. But, again, he only knew that two young ladies were boarding with Clotide, and supposed I was one of them. Ha, ha, he guessed right well.’

“‘Well, Ruth, you certainly had quite an experience; why didn’t you tell me before?’”

"Adris, I was positively frightened when I turned and saw him. He wanted to know if he looked like some gypsy kidnaping people or some wild animal. I thought I would let you find him as I did, but as you hadn't told me, I supposed you had not seen this knight."

"Do tell me, is he really so horrible looking? Please describe him."

"Very well. He is a man of medium height, but with unusual breadth of chest and shoulders. I have an idea he is a man of athletic out-door pursuits rather than confined to the dusty atmosphere of a cloistered, sedentary occupation. He has raven hair, keen black eyes, and that olive complexion, with spots of red on either cheek, and, like you, Adris, rows of most perfect teeth. He had on a light Tweed suit and a gray felt hat. This is the best I can do until I learn his disposition, and a few times in his company will settle my mind on Mr. Rupert Kelmscott."

"Oh, Ruth! he must be beautiful."

"I thought him rather a fine looking man. I gazed upon him a few seconds, and that is the only way I could ever have told you what he looked like."

"I would love to see him."

"No doubt you will before long. I see him coming yonder."

"Is that he by the well?"

"Yes, and we will be apt to meet him as we go to our music room."

"Good morning, Miss Whithrow," said Mr. Kelmscott, "you have kept yourself close. I have not had the slightest glimpse of you for several days."

"Mr. Kelmscott, my dear friend, Miss Adris Gladstone."

"Miss Gladstone, I am pleased to meet you. I had the pleasure, a few evenings ago, watching both of you study the clouds. I wondered if my company would have been agreeable. I started, but you seemed in earnest conversation. You both are acquainted with the old saying, 'Two is company and three is none,' therefore I turned back."

"I am real glad you did," said Ruth, "for I am afraid it would not have been very pleasant for a young man to sit beside a stream, watch the sun set, and listen to our conversation the first time in our company."

"Why, Ruth, we could have changed our subject if Mr. Kelmscott had joined us."

"It is getting late," said Ruth, "and we must not forget our music, or Professor Rolston will not like it. I bid you adieu."

In a short time the girls find themselves busy in music. After Adris had played a few pieces she claimed to be tired. Ruth's long, slender fingers glide over the keys as she turns sheet after sheet of music.

"Adris, will you play the accompaniments for my songs?" Ruth places the music; then they are both happy and contented. Ruth loves to sing, and Adris is never too tired to play the accompaniments. While hunting through the music there is a light tap at the

door. Ruth called, "Come in, Mrs. Thornton," saying, "we had about made up our minds that you had forgotten our music room."

"My dear girls, let me bring my brother in. I am sure you won't refuse, as I so seldom ask to bring any one."

Adris at once said, "Yes, bring him in."

"Ruth, you have no objections, have you, dear?"

"None particular, Mrs. Thornton; only work always before pleasure with me."

"That is just why we want to come in. Rupert heard the music, and asked me to beg admittance, he so dearly loves music."

Mrs. Thornton brings her brother in, takes him proudly up to the girls, saying, "My brother"—

"But we have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Kelmscott," said Ruth.

"How so?"

Mr. Kelmscott said, "I found Miss Whithrow studying the sky several days ago, and met them both in the hall, on their way here."

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Thornton, as she placed a chair for him.

"I am very fond of music. Which plays and sings, or do both? It would be my happiest days at home if we could have music.

"The man that hath no music in his soul,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

"Adris, you can play for Mr. Kelmscott; play the"—

"Oh, Ruth, you know I can't play fit for any one to listen to."

"All right. Mr. Kelmscott, have you any choice?"

"None whatever, just so it is music."

Ruth's fingers glide over the keys with perfect ease.

"That was lovely; will you now sing my favorite song for Rupert?" said Mrs. Thornton.

Adris comes to the piano and plays for Ruth; they both did wonderfully well.

"I have enjoyed myself more this evening than for many, many days, and I thank you ever so much," said Mr. Kelmscott. "Miss Gladstone, I am sure you play well, and would be pleased to hear you again; and you, Miss Whithrow, play and sing with such ease. Do you ever sing in public?"

"When I was home I gave my voice to the church."

"Then you don't sing here? I mean at church."

"I sing with the congregation. I couldn't enjoy myself listening and have no part in uttering the beautiful words. Did you ever stop to think of the meaning of the different songs we sing? I bid you all good night."

Mr. Kelmscott thought a great deal that night over what Ruth said—"think of the meaning of what we sing."

* * * * *

It was many days before Ruth saw Mr. Kelmscott. She had been staying in her room thinking of and praying for her friend, and also the new member of the house. Adris seemed to be wandering away; had forgot she promised to try to find that dear Friend, our Heavenly Father, who helps all and slights none.

"Good morning, Adris; it has been several days since you came to my room. I thought perhaps you were sick, and I went to your room, but you were gone. Where have you been all these days?"

"Oh, I have been looking around the place. Why have you stayed so close in your room? You ought to be out of door. It will soon be too cold to wander by the brook and through the forest."

"Adris, I have been asking God, who is good and true, to preserve my friend, and when her days on earth are done take her to Him pure and unspotted from sin. I left you, Adris, in His care, and I hold Him to His many promises."

"Oh, Ruth! why do you bother yourself so much about me? I am tired of hearing you preach and preach."

"I am not tired of preaching. A while back you seemed worried. You have had all kinds of books, essays, poems, histories, novels, and I don't know how many more, around you; but you wanted something to comfort you, and you didn't find it. I have been preaching to you only as a friend."

"I don't believe there is such a place as heaven."

“Why, Adris Gladstone! Listen here, ‘Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father’s house are many mansions : if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also’ (John xiv. 1-3). ‘I am the way, the truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the Father but by me’ (John xiv. 6). ‘If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it’ (John xiv. 14). My prayer is that we will be able to say, as Paul did, ‘I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.’ A few more words, Adris: ‘He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself; he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life” (1 John v. 10-12).

“Why do you talk to me? I am not your sister, nor any kin.”

“No, Adris, but I have often told you I consider you a dear friend, and I talk to you only as a true friend should.”

"Ruth, I believe you do talk to me as a friend, and I am sorry I have disappointed you. Will you come and sing? I will play for you, and then we will look at the flowers, and have a pleasant stroll through the forest. In a few weeks, perhaps days, our pleasant walks—or what you call pleasant, through valley, o'er hill and by the gurgling brook—will be over, or do you enjoy the snow and ice as well as the beautiful flowers and the green carpet that covers the earth?"

"Yes, I love all seasons of the year. I love for spring to come. I like to watch for the red bird, blue bird and the robin. I think the autumn leaves are beautiful, but autumn always to me has some sad features. Everything appears to die, but again, when we know our dear Savior made it so, it seems more beautiful. Things on earth are like unto us. 'Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' Stop to think; in the spring the trees put forth leaves by far lovelier than the autumn leaf. The flowers bloom and the green carpet under our feet is like a mass of the finest velvet. I have had a happy evening, but feel I must go back. I have so many things to do before I lay me down to rest."

"What are the many things that take you to the house?"

"I must study some; I must read my Bible, and I am sure that means study, and I also have some mending to do."

"That reminds me, I have some clothes that would

look better with a few stitches here and there; but I will leave mine until it is too late to be out of doors."

Ruth said, "Farewell for a time."

* * * * *

"Ruth, I had the finest tete-a-tete with Mr. Kelmscott; why didn't you come out?"

"I saw you, and I think it would have been discourteous in me to have joined you. I abhor division."

"I really think your company would have been acceptable. Mr. Kelmscott had so very much to say about Miss Whithrow; it was this and that. Ruth, he, like most people, thinks you have a grand voice, and passed so many compliments that most girls would be pleased to hear."

"Despite my efforts to become interested in your repeating his conversation I am evidently distrait. Will you go to church with me to-morrow? Adris, I am sure you would enjoy hearing Mr. Dreiser; he spoke so well last Sunday; he makes his sermons so that even a child can understand. Won't you please make me happy, and say, 'Yes, I will go?'"

"Yes, I will go if it will make you happy. You are so often wishing I was as happy as you that I supposed nothing whatever was lacking. Good night, I will be ready when you call me," said Adris rather hastily.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful autumn morning. The ground looked as if a light snow had fallen. Even the limbs of

the trees were white, but on close inspection it was found to be frost. I thought, "Now I am ready for church, but before I call Adris I will ask my Heavenly Father to put a message in the mouth of Mr. Dreiser that will touch the tender chords of my friend's heart."

"What a grand morning, Ruth. It seems as if winter will be here soon. Our walk up to church will wake us up. I do wonder what Mr. Dreiser's sermon will be."

"I hope it will be one you will enjoy, and do us both good. I think his sermons are always helpful. I do not think him a philosopher, nor a scientist, but always a missionary and a philanthropist."

They were ushered to the pew that Ruth, from the first, had been in the habit of taking. Ruth now felt at home, and had made many friends. She asked God's blessing on the service when she entered the church, and also had a smile for all.

"Ruth, I had no idea this church was so nice. There comes the man, I suppose, to play the organ. Is he not William Herrington?"

"Yes "

In a moment all was quiet save the beautiful tones that again swept through the church.

Mr. Dreiser talked of faith. "Without faith it is impossible to please Him : for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him' (Heb. xi. 6). Has any one here faith enough in God to offer up his or her

son? Abraham, when he was tried, offered up his only son Isaac. Draw near to God; do not draw back. Face your foe, and hold fast your pilgrimage, whether your path be rugged and steep, like an Alpine height, whether it be sunny or cloudy. The Christian religion has an infinite advantage. It is a jewel absolutely priceless. It is worth dying fifty, a hundred, yes, a thousand deaths to keep it. Never despair, notwithstanding the difficulties in your path. You will conquer if you have the faith. It is a grand thing to begin, but a despicable thing to go back. Look straight up to heaven, to the Lord himself. The man who has faith in Christ is a man of whom God the Father is not ashamed.

“Jesus Christ is pictured for us here as being our pattern believer, in surpassing energy of his faith, in marvelous inspiration.

“Whosoever is burdened by sin, and desires to be unburdened, let him consider the Lamb of God, who takes away all sin of the world. ‘Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest’ (Matt. xi. 28).

“There may be some who say, ‘I can not be a Christian. I don’t understand the Bible,’ etc. If you take the church, or pick out certain people from the church as your example you may have some excuse in thinking, ‘I can not be a Christian.’

“Have faith in Christ Jesus, for He says, ‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.’ ”

"Good morning, my friends," said Mr. Kelmscott.

"A most perfect day, is it not?" said Ruth.

"Fine sermon this morning; did you enjoy it, Miss Gladstone? I am pretty sure Miss Whithrow did; she is regular in her pew, but I believe this is the first time I have seen you here."

"I am ashamed to tell you that I have never been inside of this church before, but I enjoyed the sermon immensely, and hope to be like dear, good Ruth, and after this be regular in my attendance. I have a great deal stored away in my mind. I think Mr. Dreiser must read minds. I shall spend the remaining part of this beautiful day in trying to see things in a different light. If I had the faith I might see sooner."

Ruth said, "Do, dear Adris, for when you depart hence there will be no room for repentance; no method of being reconciled to God; eternal life is either lost or won; repent now while life remains. You remember the story about the thieves. One of the thieves was on the cross in the agonies of death, with his sins fresh on his soul and no possible chance of atoning for his past by future dedication of his life to good; but Christ saw his heart was really repentant, and though he did not escape crucifixion his pardoned soul met Jesus that same day in Paradise. One of the most sinful women Christ met on earth was the one to whom He first revealed Himself after His resurrection. Because she was so nearly lost, and He had forgiven so much in order to save her. She loved much because much had been forgiven her, and was thus

highly honored by her Master. Let all find comfort in the fact that if sincere repentance and contrition led to the redemption of the soul of Mary Magdalene, the same Savior who pitied and pardoned her will not deny your prayer.

“Oh, you who yearn for rest
May find it in the regions of the blessed.

“Good-by, dear friend, may God be with you and bless you.”

* * * * *

“Mrs. Thornton has company,” said Adris, as she closed the door of Ruth’s room. “I think it must be friends of Mr. Kelmscott. Have you seen anything of them?”

“No, Adris, I didn’t know any one but Mrs. Thornton, Mr. Kelmscott, you and I were in the house.”

“Ruth,” said Adris, “somebody is at your door.”

“Good evening, Mr. Kelmscott.”

“Oh, I see, Miss Gladstone is here. I rapped on her door, but received no answer.”

“Adris, Mr. Kelmscott wants you.”

“I want you both; Clotide and I wish you to come to the parlor this evening. We will make it as pleasant as we possibly can.”

“Thank you, no doubt we will have a pleasant time; we always do.”

"I will now leave, hoping to see you both in a short time."

* * * * *

"Come in, my dear girls," said Mrs. Thornton, "Rupert has some company, old school friends, to spend a few days. I thought it would be pleasant for you all to be together. I hear them coming."

"Miss Gladstone and Miss Whithrow, my friends and schoolmates, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Burnett and Mr. Hawthorne," said Mr. Kelmscott, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I will now leave you," said Mrs. Thornton, "hoping each and every one will have a happy evening to be remembered all through life."

"Oh, Mrs. Thornton, do stay; four young men and only Adris and I; please stay and help us out."

"Yes, Clotide, you must stay."

"Rupert, I will be glad to stay, but supposed, I being old, you would prefer my leaving the young folks to have their happy time."

"Well, you see, Clotide, you have always been mother to me, and act as mother, I suppose, to the young ladies; you at least seem to claim them, and I am sure we all wish mother to remain and help us make this the happiest evening we ever spent."

"Mr. Johnston plays the piano very nicely, does he not, Rupert?"

"Yes, Lloyd, you might as well commence the program."

Mr. Johnston played a very classical piece; the girls were delighted. Ruth said, "That was magnificent." He didn't seem to hear; he touched some chords, played a few bars, and the four sang. It was a grand quartet.

"As you young people gave me permission to remain with you I will call on you," said the good-natured Mrs. Thornton.

Ruth played beautifully. Mr. Burnett played a violin solo; then Ruth played an accompaniment for him; Adris played while Ruth sang.

"Mr. Hawthorne, are you musical? If so, we would be pleased to hear from you."

"I have an ear for music, but do not play."

"What then is your talent?"

"Trying to save souls. Let us all join in singing:

"Oh, how happy are they
Who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

Ruth took her place at the piano while this beautiful hymn rang through the house. She played on and the ones that enjoyed listening must have sang again that grand old hymn:

"Tell me the old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love."

Ruth's voice was so beautiful in this that the tears were visible in the eyes of Mrs. Thornton and Adris.

"I think we have had a grand evening. I can speak for one, and, my dear friend, haven't you?"

"Yes, Ruth, more than tongue can express; but I hope some day to tell you all this was the happiest time in my life."

"Good night to you all."

"Ruth, may I come to your room for a little while? I have so much to tell you."

"Why, my dear girl, did I ever refuse you admittance? Certainly, come in."

"Ruth, I wish I could tell you in words how happy I am. Do you suppose Mr. Hawthorne knew I was such a sinner?"

"I can not answer that question for you."

"Really, I never felt I was a helpless sinner before, never, never, and then when you sang that song, 'Tell me the old, old story—was it the words or the way you sang it that touched this cold heart of mine? At any rate, I could not help saying, 'Save a poor sinner like me,' and, oh, what joy came into my heart. I never will be able to tell you. Every word you ever said to me came back with such a different meaning. Forgive me, dear Ruth, but, oh, how I tried to forget what you talked about, but, no, I couldn't even sleep for it, and when I would fall to sleep it would be no time until I would hear you saying, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"Not me, Adris, but that heavenly voice that speaks to us."

"You said some time ago that you would pray for me. I believe you have, and now, dear friend, I am so glad, so thankful, you remembered me. Oh, if I can only prove to you all that I really have been born again. Ruth, do you know what these young men have been studying?"

"No, but I could guess. Mr. Hawthorne is to be a minister of the Gospel, merely from what he said."

"Mr. Hawthorne is a minister to go to some foreign field. Mr. Burnett is also a minister, but he remains in our own country. Mr. Johnston and Mr. Kelmscott are doctors. These four men went to school together in boyhood, and are still very close friends. I heard Mr. Hawthorne say to Mr. Kelmscott, 'Rupert, I will be so glad when the Bible is the textbook of the world,' and something like this—I did not catch the meaning at the time, but I see it now: 'When hatred and revenge shall die. When peace and good will shall reign through the world,' and many such things that I can't call to mind just now. I never looked at it in this way, but I was blind, and now I see. No wonder you wished I was happy. Oh, now, dear, good, kind friend, I ask you to pray for me, and tell me something inspiring to read before I close my eyes to-night."

"Let me read to you, and then I will tell you something to read. Listen to what David says of his confidence in God's grace, 'The Lord is my shepherd; I

shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul : He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for 'Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.' 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' Before you close your eyes I would like you to read the fifty-first Psalm, and would like you to take my Bible and think well on the verses marked, then read what I call my good-night chapter, the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm. May God bless you this night as He does all His children."

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"Adris, you asked me some time ago if I liked winter weather. I think this is grand; look! the ground is white; don't you think it looks pure? Look at the trees and the bushes, and watch the flakes fall, some large and others so small! Do you not think the earth, in its winter dress, as pretty as when in its choicest summer attire? Never distrust Him, for you can see what He can do even in this world, which is so full of evil, and trouble, and snares of all kinds."

"Dark and dreary days to me are like evil things," said Adris, as she watched the feathery flakes fall.

"But, dear Adris, we have God's promise to be protected; to me this is not dreary weather. I love to watch the cold, bitter wind blowing, and the trees swaying to and fro in its power, and, oh! how delightful are the winter evenings; we can read aloud, and we will find it profitable and enjoyable, don't you think so? When I was younger, I can remember the happy winter evenings we spent at home. My dear father would close the shutters and draw the curtains, and all would gather around a bright fire. My old playmate, Harry Brown, and oftentimes the girls in our village would come in, and to pass the time which went by far too quick, we would crack nuts and pop corn, while mother and father would read the daily news."

"Oh, Ruth! when I said dark and dreary days, I meant when the clouds hang low in the West, loud claps of thunder and terrible flashes of lightning cross the black clouds, when the rain falls in torrents, as often happens in the autumn season. This kind of weather I love to dream, imagine myself a queen, or building palaces, but I always want a glowing fire or a bright light around me, for really I am positively afraid in the dark, when we have such weather. It seems silly to you, does it not?"

"No, dear Adris, for I also have day dreams. I love to imagine myself near the old mill, or under the spreading branches of the sturdy oak at home; and I, too, think these dark, damp days dreary; but, really, I

don't think we ought to. Think of the sick ; they can feel the cool breath of each little pool, and they no doubt breathe a blessing on the rain ; then, again, what a grand thing it is after the dust and heat."

"Ruth, Mr. Hawthorne wishes to see you ; you will find him in the music-room."

"I do hope she will say yes, for I want her to go ; it will be much nicer for four to go, and I am sure Mr. Hawthorne would enjoy it. I am not afraid but what she will go."

"Adris, do you know what Eugene wanted of me?"

"I can guess."

"It will be delightful to have a sleigh ride—all four in the large sleigh ; what a jolly time we will have."

* * * * *

"Oh, what a grand time we had, Mrs. Thornton. We enjoyed ourselves immensely—the bells made such delightful music on the still, cold air. Do you think you can ever forget it, Ruth?"

"It will be a pleasant thought in years to come, if God is willing I should live."

"Well, do you expect to die soon?"

"Dear Adris, we can never tell. We know not the day nor the hour, but should be ready when the call comes. Life at best is a passing thing ; but heaven is endless love."

"Now, my dear boys and girls, you must come and have something to eat ; it is past your usual supper time, and no doubt you will be glad to go at once to

the table, or perhaps your ride was so fine that you would rather not partake of any food."

"Mrs. Thornton, I will be glad to come to your bountiful table, and the sooner the better," said Mr. Hawthorne, "Come with me, Ruth."

Rupert and Adris soon followed. After they had enjoyed the lovely supper Mrs. Thornton had so nicely prepared they invited her to the music-room. The rest of the evening was spent to please the elderly lady that many times exerted herself to please her so-called children. Mr. Hawthorne spent the remainder of the winter with his friend, and many happy times did they all have together. Ruth would sing whenever requested to do so, and her songs were mostly those beautiful invitation hymns, such as

"Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home,"

Which she sang with much feeling.

"Mrs. Thornton, I would be glad to welcome spring, but still happier if my friend professed Christ. Help me; pray for her."

"Adris, before you go to sleep to-night, before you go any place, before you do anything, resolve that, God helping you, you will at once seek the kingdom of heaven. My friend, I truly believe you had taken this step, but you have wandered away. I beg of you, Adris, come back: let not even one moment slip by.

‘Seek and ye shall find.’ ‘Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.’ ”

“Tell me what you mean when you say, ‘Walking with God.’ ”

“To walk with God, I think, means to put your life entirely in His keeping, to give yourself to Him—not a part, but body, spirit and soul. It also means to listen for Him and be ready to respond. Be not afraid to pray; to pray is right. If nothing else, say, ‘Lord, teach me to pray.’ ”

“How is it that when with you such a sense of peace and rest steals into my heart?”

“‘My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you.’ I trust that is what you feel. God, who loves you, said, ‘Fear not thou, for I am with thee.’ ”

“Ruth, I feel that you have been so earnest in helping me. I really want to be a Christian.”

“I hope and pray, Adris, you will become a true and earnest Christian, and gain strength and power from day to day.”

* * * * *

A few days, perhaps a week, had passed since the last time Ruth pleaded with Adris to look to Christ alone as her friend and helper. Ruth started to the music-room, but on reaching the door found Adris playing and singing softly. It was beautiful; the tears of joy trickled down her cheeks. Mr. Hawthorne

came through the hall and said, "Why, Ruth, what is the matter?" She told him of the conversation she had had, and that she had started with her music; then said: "This is as far as I could go. Listen to Adris; it fills my heart with joy; she is surely praying. Don't you think so, Eugene? Now listen, she is singing:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come! I come!"

"We are so glad, Ruth and I, that you will come to Him, for you will find peace. We are happy to know that you see that the Lamb of God alone can help you. Let us have a word of prayer."

After the short, but deep, inspiring prayer, Adris sought her room, where she could praise God.

* * * * *

"I had to seek you, to tell you again how happy I am, and thank you for the good you have done. Dear Ruth, you are the only one that has ever stood by me. Others have tried, but I didn't, nor could I see, nor did they seek me the second and third time as you have done. At times I wished we had never met, but how glad I am that we were thrown together. You have proved to me to be really and truly a true friend."

"I thought sometimes I vexed you with my pleadings, but I acted only as a friend should. I have prayed for you as I never prayed before, and I know,

I feel, that all my wrestling before the Throne of Grace has not been in vain. Sometimes my faith grew faint. I almost lost hope; but, thank God, I did not!

“Thoburn says, ‘The signs of the times, the lessons of the past, the indications of the future, the call of Providence, and the voices which come to us by every breeze and from every nation under heaven, all alike bid us lay our plans upon a scale worthy of men who expect to conquer the world.’ You expect to conquer the world. Adris, I am so glad: I didn’t like to leave you, knowing you cared more for the world than for heaven. I understand that you could not imagine heaven more beautiful than this sinful world we live in. God is the one that put the green carpet over it for our feet; He spangled the night sky with stars brighter than any diamond, and it is He that gives us the sunlight through the day.

“Adris, some time ago Eugene Hawthorne asked me if I would be willing to take his name, and in the spring go with him to some foreign field to help save lost souls. Let us believe in Christ, and in Christ only, as the hope of the world. Let us cherish renewed confidence in His power, and give ourselves with fresh enthusiasm and devout zeal to the great and hopeful task of being a disciple of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ. I accepted Eugene as my future husband, but I felt it my duty first to help you walk the bright path. To be a missionary is my true vocation, and my dear mother is willing that I should.”

"I hope and believe that the Lord will always be with you, Ruth, in all your daily walks. I wish the Lord would bless you both for what you have done for me. You will always be remembered by me in prayer; you surely will receive a crown of righteousness."

* * * * *

Ruth received word that her mother was ill, begging her dear girl come home and give her a cheering word. She also asked her to bring Eugene. Ruth gave the letter to Mrs. Thornton, saying, "Find Eugene, give it to him, and tell him I am getting ready."

They arrived at Mrs. Whithrow's in good time, but found her very ill. Mrs. Whithrow blessed her dear girl; also Eugene, saying, "I have often heard of you, therefore I trust Ruth to your care. I wish I could witness your marriage, my dear children, then I could be glad to enter my beautiful home above."

Ruth sent word to Mrs. Thornton, Rupert and Adris to come at once to her marriage. Adris helped Ruth get her mother in an easy chair, then left them together. What passed between them? Ruth called Eugene, and they helped Mrs. Whithrow to the parlor.

Ruth Whithrow is no more in name, but happily bears the name of Ruth Hawthorne.

"Your wedding was sooner than we expected," said Mrs. Thornton.

"Yes, to me also, but it was the wish of my dear mother, whose days perhaps are numbered."

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“ROCKWELL PLACE, February 17, 18—.

“DEAR ADRIS—My dear mother is better. The doctor said to-day she would be able to be around again in a few days. I can not see how she lived. She was so very ill, and suffered dreadfully at times, but she always looked to Jesus for help. Eugene and I will remain until ready to start on our journey. My old playmate, Harry Brown, is expected home in a few days. I will be glad to look upon his face once more and visit our old haunts before returning to Monroe.

“Always a True Friend, R. W. H.”

* * * * *

Mrs. Whithrow has regained her health. Ruth and Eugene are by the old mill, and she is telling him of the last time she stood in the same spot, saying:

“I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the haying,
And like the fabled hunter’s horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing.”

“Eugene, there comes my old playmate, but, oh, how altered he looks. When I left, his face was singularly handsome.”

“I should judge him a wicked man.”

“Why, Eugene, he was a good boy; he had good teaching, but possibly while away at school he has been tempted. I will find him in a few days.”

“Harry Brown, I thought you would come and see me when you first came home. Why didn’t you?”

“Oh, Ruth, if I had never gone away to school, if you had stayed home, I never would have been what I am.”

"You were ashamed to come, Harry, fearing I would mark your altered habits in your altered face, but I know all notwithstanding. Harry, you have lent your presence to more than one midnight carousal. Once you were an example for temperance and rectitude, but vice is fashionable and patronized in many cities; it was your associates and companions that dragged you down to their degraded level. I understand why you carefully shunned me—one who has an unconquerable horror of the degradation into which you have fallen. Harry, I am your friend. I so often wondered why I didn't hear from you, but now I understand. What do your so-called fashionable friends care if your character is trampled on, or your fair name tarnished?

"Do you intend to go on to utter ruin?

"Do you intend to wreck health, happiness and character in the sea of reckless dissipation?

"Do you intend to spend your remaining days in disgusting intoxication?

"I would to God your dear mother had lived; her prayers and pleadings might save you. I wish you dared not dishonor your father. Have you no one to help you out of this mire?

"Think of your dear mother, how she taught you when you were a child. For her sake, for my sake, and for your own be a man; you have time for repentance. Harry, I ask you to step out of this gulf and come back. Oh, Harry, come back to temperance and honor."

"I will try, for your sake, Ruth. I have from childhood looked forward to the time I could call you mine, but I am afraid you would not listen even if I quit the ranks of ruin."

"Harry, I will do anything in my power to help you, but I am no longer Ruth Whithrow, but the wife of Eugene Hawthorne, and in a short time we go to foreign fields to labor for souls. Before we leave I hope to hear that you will be safe in Christ. I am sorry you forgot your early Christian training. I never forgot my playmate in my prayers, and will always remember you. Nothing would add more to my happiness than to see you raised from your fallen condition to a position of honor and safety; to see you, my dear friend, out of the mire, and standing upon the Rock of Ages. Remember our nursery teachings. Jesus sees the stray sheep in America as He did in Galilee. He will bless you as He has others. He cries to all men, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Come in to-morrow and meet Eugene."

Harry did not go, but wrote a few lines to Ruth, telling her that some day he hoped to meet her and Mr. Hawthorne when she would be glad to own him as her old playmate.

* * * * *

"ROCKWELL PLACE.

"DEAR MRS. THORNTON—Ruth and I expect to be with you within the next forty-eight hours.

"EUGENE."

"I am glad to see you back again, my dear friends," said Mrs. Thornton.

"But, Mrs. Thornton, we're only going to stay a short time."

Shortly before the time set for Eugene and Ruth to start on their journey Adris took sick with fever. She called Ruth constantly. No one could wait upon her quite as well as faithful Ruth. One beautiful morning in March she wanted to see all her friends. She wanted Eugene, and said, "Ruth, come near me, for I feel I will soon be in that happy land of which you have many times told me, where there is no suffering nor pain."

Ruth said, "Trust in His love, rest in its changeless glow, walk by faith and not by sight, trust clinging to His hand, content to feel His love and might. 'He that liveth and believeth on Him shall never die.' 'For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. For this we say unto you, by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep; for the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first.'"

Eugene said, with reverence, "Let us pray."

* * * * *

"The small hand that trembled
When last in my own,
Lies patient and folded
And colder than stone."

"She seemed to me like a beloved sister, and now that she is gone I feel I have lost an invaluable treasure. Many times when I pleaded with her my words had no effect whatever, and she kept on in the same

path. Many times she treated with silent contempt the pleadings I made, but, thank God, she found the Savior at last. I know she is now happy in the land of rest," said Ruth to Mrs. Thornton and Eugene.

* * * * *

The last of March Eugene and Ruth, with her dear mother, amid blessings and tears from their kind friends, Mrs. Thornton and Rupert, started on their long journey, hoping to be the means of saving souls.

Truly in this world of joy and gladness God speaks to His children from every hilltop, and calls them from every valley. His love blossoms in every flower, and sounds in the voice of every bird. When we consider our manifold blessings and the goodness of God, when we consider His love so great that He sent His only Son into this sinful world to save, how thankful we should be.

Those that reach out after the needy, the distressed and the wandering, comfort them that need it, sympathize, pray for, and teach them to pray, will bring a bright spot in many darkened hearts.

"Praise the Lord, all ye nations : praise Him, all ye people.

"For His merciful kindness is great toward us, and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord. Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and forevermore.

"From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised."

[THE END.]

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

“Choose you this day whom ye will serve” (Josh. xxiv. 15).

“Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life” (John vi. 68).

“Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness” (Psa. xcvi. 9).

“Be filled with the Spirit” (Eph. v. 18).

“For God hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ” (2 Cor. iv. 6).

“God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world” (Gal. vi. 14).

“Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin” (Psa. li. 2).

“Come, ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord” (Psa. xxxiv. 11).

“Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein” (Luke xviii. 17).

“Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him” (James i. 12).

“Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ’s stead, be ye reconciled to God” (2 Cor. v. 20).

“I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me” (Gal. ii. 20).

“I hate and abhor lying, but Thy law do I love” (Psa. cxix. 163).

“Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity” (1 Tim. iv. 12).

“I know both how to be abased and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need” (Phil. iv. 12).

“What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” (Mark viii. 36).

“The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin” (1 John i. 7).

“Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors” (Prov. viii. 34).

“For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord” (Prov. viii. 35).

“Thus will I bless Thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in Thy name. My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips” (Psa. lxiii. 4, 5).

“If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me” (Luke ix. 23).

“Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed” (Mark viii. 38).

“He will subdue our iniquities” (Micah vii. 19).

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress : my God ; in Him will I trust" (Psa. xci. 2).

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life ; and they are they which testify of Me" (John v. 39).

"If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding ; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures ; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God" (Prov. ii. 3-5).

"Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law" (Psa. cxix. 18).

"His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and His circuit unto the ends of it : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof" (Psa. xix. 6).

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. iii. 13, 14).

"Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us" (Heb. xii. 1).

“The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long” (Deut. xxxiii. 12).

“Let none of you suffer as an evil doer” (1 Pet. iv. 15).

“The Lord is faithful, who shall establish you, and keep you from evil” (2 Thess. iii. 3).

“Deliver us from evil” (Matt. vi. 15).

“Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer” (Psa. xix. 14).

“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want” (Psa. xxiii. 1).

“Be ye followers of God as dear children” (Eph. v. 1).

“Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect” (Matt. v. 48).

“I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments

and do them. I will also save you from all your uncleanness" (Ezek. xxxvi. 27, 29).

"Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me: Thou shalt stretch forth Thy hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and Thy right hand shall save me" (Psa. cxxxviii. 7).

"Now be ye not stiffnecked, as your fathers were, but yield yourselves unto the Lord, and enter into His sanctuary, which He hath sanctified forever: and serve the Lord your God, that the fierceness of His wrath may turn away from you" (2 Chron. xxx. 8).

"All the while my breath is in me, and the Spirit of God is in my nostrils; my lips shall not speak wickedness, nor my tongue utter deceit" (Job xxvii. 3, 4).

"Give ear to my words, O Lord; consider my meditation" (Psa. v. 1).

"A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it: whithersoever it turneth, it prospereth" (Prov. xvii. 8).

"Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He shall lift you up" (James iv. 10).

“Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, ‘Here am I; send me’ ” (Isaiah vi. 8).

—— “Give ye them to eat” (Matt. xiv. 16).

“We love Him because He first loved us” (1 John iv. 19).

“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright” (Prov. xxiii. 31).

“Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin. Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel? For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves and live ye” (Ezek. xviii. 30-32).

He who was with Peter in prison, with Joseph in the pit, and with Daniel in the lion’s den, is with His own everywhere, at all times, even unto the ends of the world. We know that God has put our sins away by the sacrifice of His Son, and, therefore, He has given us peace, and has promised that He will never leave us nor forsake us. Let us rest on Him.

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